

Endor



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**THIS ISSUE IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO
THE MEMORY OF PROFESSOR S. BLAINE EWING**

ENDOR

(1 Samuel 28: 3-25)

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The present staff is pleased to reintroduce Endor, a magazine of the arts, to the Lehigh campus.

The need for this magazine on campus seems obvious, since many students have works that deserve attention from their fellow students and the faculty.

Endor is a diversified outlet for creative work, be it poetry, fiction or criticism. To encourage the latter genre, students are invited to submit articles similar to the faculty reactions to La Dolce Vita in this issue on the upcoming M & C film, Ballad of a Soldier (January 10), and also articles or letters concerning the material in this issue.

Contributions and suggestions will be welcomed.

R.A. Straub

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HOFFMAN

My Sister's Friend

My sister's friend was young
When I was old.

She had skinny ankles,
Cotton socks, rubber-bands, and
Shiny shoes.

My sister's friend, that little girl,
I looked at her with understanding.
I was three years older, and she
Was eight; and I could write.

Soon I went to high school, where,
In the midst of departmental and
everything,

We never spoke
(Except at home, when she stood in
my way)

Or even looked (as all silly girls
Do when they are young).

My sister's friend was small
When I was growing up.

She took piano lessons, singing
lessons, and
I was on the varsity team, and went to
Dances at the Center, and she
Learned modern dance.

She was always in my sister's room;
I was struggling with the imperfect
subjunctive,
And the door was closed, and I was in
a hurry.

KALISH

The Bird

"If I were a bird I could fly - yea, I could fly" - he wistfully stared ahead as he ran a hand through his dirty, matted hair. The thought captured some little cell in his mind - one of those many little cells inside his sweaty head that had probably never been activated.

"Whenever a bird don't like a place, he leaves - just ups and leaves. Like them birds in the park," he had begun to look up now. Up past the clogged fourth-story balconies with their clotheslines, past some of it - just some, not all - you could never look past all, just some. "Yea... like them birds; when there're too many people around, or squirrels, or dogs... or anything, they just flap and they're off."

"But look, Joey, they always just go to the nearest tree. They end up coming right down where they started from. Some of them probably spend their whole life right there, - there in that dirty, smelly, noisy park. They never get nowhere....no, nowhere." I don't think he really heard me. He still stared up. Up at what? - I don't know, he just stared.

"Well, I don't care," he spoke without moving, "I'd still like to be a bird. I'd fly someplace. Anyway, you're just talking about pigeons-- there are other kinds of birds too."

"You mean like eagles?"

"Yea, that's it, I'd be an eagle-big and strong. I'd live way up on some mountain where nobody could bother me. Then whenever I wanted something, I'd swoop down and get it." A small self-reassuring smile crept across his face.

"Just that simple, huh! Get what you want all the time. If it's that easy, how come there ain't more eagles around? I never seen one."

"Huh,...what," he looked at me now and drew his hand across his brow, then flicked off the little drops of sweat with a snap of his wrist. "Just to be able to fly way up there where it's cool and clear. To soar above all this with the cool breezes blowing past you all the time."

He sucked deeply through his nostrils and thrust his head forward, looking up. Maybe he looked like a sailor savoring the first smell of land after a long voyage. Or maybe he looked more like a dog sticking his head out the window of a fast moving car. Anyway he exhaled quickly and rather forcefully, and that somehow ruffled his composure.

But he looked up between the buildings again. "Hey, there goes one now. Wonder where he's going - South America, Canada, maybe to the shore - what'dya think?"

"Probably up to 184th Street."

"Hey, I got a buddy up around there. I'd like to get up there and see him - he owes me five bucks, - yea, I almost forgot about that, he owes me five."

"You could just fly up there and

see him if you were a bird," I said.

"Yea, see what I mean, if I was only a bird." He got off the steps and started off up the street shaking his head.

"Yo, Joey!" I said.

"What'dya want?"

"What if you were a penguin?"

"What'dya mean - a penguin - so what."

"They can't fly, Joey!"

E. SCHWARTZ

Let Me Sit in a House
by the Side of the Road

I should stand on the prow of a ship
and stare back the waves.

I could sit in a cafe in Paris
Sit hunched and watch the people go by
Watch unblinking like a cat
Alert like a cat to jump if anyone came
too close.

COX

A Rather Sizeable Gift One Summer

A series of moons rose over Washington
last night.

Eudora Welty howled at them 'til tears
flowed.

Astronomers had trouble deciding which
to chart.

They followed one another closely 'til
they made a pointed arc.

I was sitting in the back yard when
the first rose.

A bottle of beer perhaps in my hand,
the label torn.

But when the procession began, I
watched astounded.

Seven, eight, nine moons, and yet
another.

A great urge to string them swept over
me, I leapt up.

The garage was searched for rope, but
I had to untie the
clothesline ultimately,
And for a needle I used our birch tree.

Stringing them was rather difficult,
but accomplished hands
can do a lot, so they were strung like
pearls.

And I pondered around whose neck to
hang them.

Our God is too aloof, I decided, He'd
be offended.

And they're too big for any mortal.
perhaps a mountain.

But inanimate things would not
appreciate them.

They were really very nice. They
needed someone.

So I gave them to Pallas Athene.

G. SCHWARTZ

A Poem From The Fatherland

All my life I never counted on this thing, even after Skichinski hit me over the head with the jug. "Jesus, Skichinski, why in hell did you hit'm over the head with the jug for?" Minski said, who was the owner of the bar. Skichinski just sat there laughin', the bastard (he was drunk), Minski looked at Skichinski and then he started laughin' too. I just laid there (I was drunk).

Skichinski said to Minski that they better get a doctor because my head was bleedin'. I didn't say anything, I just laid there. But that bastard Skichinski, instead of callin' a doctor on a phone, told Minski that when he got the idea to get a doctor the idea had come right into his mind then to put up a sign because a doctor might be passin' on his way home from an early mornin' emergency call and that way they could get better and quicker help. Minski thought it was a good idea (he was drunk).

Minski took down one of the pictures of a bare-naked lady and wrote somethin' that I couldn't make out because I was on the floor. I hoped he wrote the message right. Skichinski was nearly cryin' and I noticed even Minski was laughin' when they went outside to put up the sign. I don't know if it was because they didn't write the sign right or if because a doctor didn't

pass on his way home from an early mornin' call, but Skichinski's idea didn't work. I died.

Dying wasn't at all like I thought it would be. I thought it would be like turning off a light, but right after Minski and Skichinski were having a beer waiting for a doctor I remembered standing in front of Rocco the door-man. He told me I was now dead and would I mind stepping inside for the judgement please. I almost walked up the steps of the wrong brownstone, and quick fixed myself up a little in the hallway. There was a small judge's bench and I saw an old man and a young man and also two doves. The young man was telling the one dove that he didn't think he had to bring her along to work with him. The old man just sat there laughing. I was glad. I never could get over the idea of a bachelor dove.

All in all I didn't come out too well. I was the first defendant of the day and I was still feeling a little sick. I think when I said son-of-a-bitch that turned them against me right from the start, but it was a clear-cut case against me all along. I just never counted on this thing, even after Skichinski hit me over



the head with the jug. I told them I just didn't play my cards right. The two men winked at each other and the dove dove down on top of his special judgement perch. Then they looked at me and laughed and they all said together, "You're up the yak's ass." The old man rang the bell and Rocco came in to get me.

When we were out on the street I asked him if I couldn't have a cup of coffee before going to the fires, and then the funniest thing happened. He told me I was in heaven and hell now and I couldn't take an express because only saints could take an express. Then he went into a coffee shop and I decided to get a subway up to the zoo. When I reached in my pocket for a token I even had some change so I figured I'd call my wife. She was surprised when I called her because she told me she just heard the news that somebody laid me out in Minski's this morning. I said yes it was Skichinski. She said she never heard anything so funny as their putting up that sign for a doctor, and she laughed so hard she nearly cried. I told her it was no use worrying about me because hell is New York and the Holy Ghost has a girl friend and I was waiting for a local to go up to Bronx Park because only saints could take an express. She said she was glad because she never could get over the idea of a bachlor dove. Then I heard the voice of another man and I asked her if she was having an affair and she said she was since I was now dead. He walked over to the phone and the three of us all said together. "Up the yak's ass."

Then I had to hang up because I could hear a train coming. It was funny but the people in the train were all singing together. I remembered what the song was, it was "O, My Papa".

Yes, son-of-a-bitch, it was an express.

E. SCHWARTZ

Achingly alone I contemplate the endless
happenstance....

I have caught
a little girl for solace

She shakes her head at me and
her hair ripples like the new
spring sun

Her laughter is the
s*c*a*t*t*e*r*i*n*g*

of a school of minnows
In the sea-grey-green
flicking of her eyes
is the mockery of youth.

GRUDIN

Rest

Let me lie in the brown crisp ashes of an all-consuming fall and sleep with the trees until spring. For it is November, and tears have dried the skin to a yellow parchment. Yet still, within the mind, a blind dripping creature gropes in and out of the doors of consciousness, absorbing light, and leaving only gray November darkness in its wake.

When fall was flattering the trees and the sun was more than a star, I could see love in its last agonies upon the rocks - scorched and writhing out its last moments. Then came the fall rains to run the autumn pastels to water colors. A dear face became very dim in the fading light of earlier night, and it was then that the trees began to whisper "It is time for us to sleep, to sleep and never see the winter and what it can do to us. Come with us; rest in the ashes which were once our flaming hair."

HAINES

Decision

the clear, clean water could have
mirrored their faces
the soft, subtle sand could have
lulled them to sleep
the narrow, twisted path could have
led them straight
had they faced their reflections in
the pond that spring
but they did not
and now their faces are obscure
their sleep is insecure
and their path is unsure.

STRAUB

Only Three Roses

It was a nice, quiet funeral. Small and well composed. The flowers cast a fragrant, serene beauty into the high arched chapel, and the warm, bright sunlight beautifully illuminated the blue stained window over the altar.

It was a little odd though, no one even cried. Evelyn's daughter, Edith, appeared to be making a strenuous effort to increase the occasional moisture which dampened her dark eye lashes, but her lack of feeling for her mother's death was obvious. The other twelve relatives sat in silence, their eyes skipping from the dim lights to the window, to the altar, to the minister and back to the lights. Frank Krammer, Evelyn's husband, showed some strain, but I found it hard to determine just what kind of an ordeal he had had. Myself? I felt a hell of a lot like crying, you know sentimental Joe Watkins; but, somehow, my emotion wasn't exactly traditional. My problem was that I remembered Evelyn too well from college.

It was over forty years ago that we had been talking about death. Tragedy had struck a common friend of ours, if I remember correctly; yes, it was poor Carl Jakowski. His father died some way, and he and his mother spent every last cent they had on transporting the remains back to Caney for a

large funeral. While Evelyn and I were walking through the secluded campus one evening shortly after the accident, I commented on what I considered the absurdity of making all those sacrifices for a funeral. We continued walking for a few moments, and then Evelyn turned to me and said, "Joe, I think you're wrong."

"About what?", I asked.

"About funerals", she said earnestly, "I think they're very beautiful and good."

"What's beautiful or good about making living beings feel wretched about the inevitable loss of another's life?", I countered.

"I know what you mean in my mind," she said slowly, "but my emotions say that funerals are good." Then, after a pause in which I mumbled something like, "good and barbaric", she added, "surely you wouldn't disagree that everyone wants to be buried in his home area. That's natural isn't it?"

"Not necessarily", I answered, "Why would you want to be buried near home? Do you think that when you're dead you'll care if your family and friends visit your grave and leave flowers and mourn your death, or do you think you'll still feel a closeness to home?"

"Oh, you cynic!" she barked. "Of course it's not patriotism or flowers or mourning, it's.....", she paused.

"It's what?", I asked quietly.

Evelyn sighed, "I don't know exactly what it is Joe, but I know I'll get much comfort before my death if I'm sure others care enough to send my body

to a nice cemetery near home and give me a decent funeral, and, yes, even be sorry I'm gone."

With a feeling akin to disgust, I changed the subject. I was even more repulsed by the realization that most people must feel something like Evelyn or we wouldn't even have such a ridiculous custom. I don't ever remember talking about it with her again, though we remained close friends after our marriages.

After the service in the chapel, seven of us made the trip to the small, unkempt cemetery outside of town. The others, Evelyn's brother and his family, said that they were expecting guests that afternoon, and excused themselves. As soon as the body was interred, Frank, his arm around Edith and rumpling her bright blue dress, approached me, shook my hand, and thanked me for coming. Edith smiled, then sniffed and daubed her dry eyes with her handkerchief. I stood quietly and stiffly until the others had all loaded into the late model Olds and driven off. Then I carefully made my way over to a freshly flowered grave and removed three of the delicately petalled roses. With salty moisture stinging my eyes, I gingerly placed them on the bare dark dirt under which Evelyn lay. She would have wanted someone to do that very badly.

DCTY

The Cat

When the thunder rolls over the hill
my cat sits inside
and watches the sky
through the window.

Her eyes are round as drums.

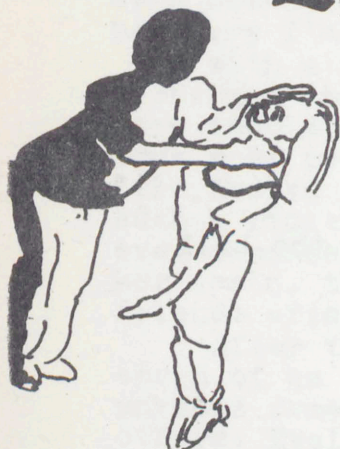
DILWORTH

Limerick

A student named Jeremy Abbot,
After building a nuclear rabbit,
Said, "Now I am wondering
How to keep it from sundering:
A most deleterious habit."

La Dolce Vita

Four Personal Reactions



DILWORTH

GREENE

GARDNER

FRAKES

In terms of technique I found "La Dolce Vita" a remarkable movie. Where its makers thought it profound, however, I thought it silly. Those characters, those extravagantly third-rate human beings, are so piggishly stuffed with egoism--and so lacking in the common sense of proportion--that it doesn't matter what happens to them. Yet, so that they will seem at least pathetic, so that we may care about them a little, it is hinted that some (the father who kills his children and himself, for example) are the victims not of themselves but of an empty and cruel world. Something about the universe having no meaning, and humanity not being a chorus of angels, has become in recent years a fashionable cause of despair, and, when not explained but hinted at with fashionable

subtlety, a mystical debauch. "Since values are turned upside down in righteous war, are there any permanent values?" (The answer surprisingly--if they want it--is that values do not disappear when they are stood on their heads.) "If there is no God, I must of course get drunk and do some desperate things, my dear." "If the universe is expanding, I--never having thought of myself as a little fellow before--must contract." "If I have been disappointed, the least I can do to the world is not get over it."

So much for Weltschmerz and similar profundities. What fairy-tale about life were such people brought up on? Life is what it always was; human beings have found means of making things worse for themselves, and human beings, if they like, can make things better. The universe wasn't made for little Johnny, and any insect out of the pupal stage knows it; he hoists his antennae and does what being an insect requires. For man there is always a garden to hoe, even inside a prison cell, but some people consider healthy effort vulgar and stewing in one's own juice a sign of superiority. There is barely a hint of sweating humanity in this film. It is not about Vita; it's a brilliant series of shots of a succession of putrescent wasters, each bewitched with the beauty of his own face.

DILWORTH

I have said glibly to a number of people recently that La Dolce Vita is one of the four or five best films I've ever seen. I am not sure that this is really what I meant; instead, I probably should have said that it is one of the four or five pictures that have hit me hardest in my emotional solar plexus. It would be better to keep the word "great" in abeyance for a few years; for the picture is so directly on the target of its own times, that the resultant dazzle in the eyes and ringing in the ears that the viewer experiences make it impossible to say as yet whether its application is eternal.

Eternal or not, in point of the here and now La Dolce Vita is universal. Let those who choose to consider it merely about corrupt life in the once-Holy City of Rome look again. For it is about the crises of our time-our time; and it deals with crises more frightening than the Bomb--moral cancers already eating deep into mankind, promising him not annihilation, but an eternity of anguish. More specifically, it is about a world without values, in which the potential idealist finds all things--the world of the intellect, religious faith, parental love and guidance, on the one hand, and wine, woman, and song on the other--hollow shams that provide not happiness, security, and peace of mind, but frustration, boredom, anger, and nausea. Most specifically (at least to this viewer), La Dolce Vita, whether set in Rome or Timbuctoo, remains a razor-sharp dissection and exposure

of what we, the United States, have wittingly or unwittingly exported to the rest of the world in the name of the American Way--chewing gum, cheap glamor, the grinding of gears and the whine of motors, the sterile and deadly antiseptis of "science," the meaningless lyric to the meaningless tune designed to pluck the muscles into irresistible spasms, in short, the denial of human dignity and the abnegation of genuine human emotion. To be sure, Mr. Fellini suggests at the end of the picture that matters need not be what they are, but his solution is not a hopeful one; the water in the cove that separates us from whatever world of innocence there is seems increasingly deeper, and increasingly the roar of the waves drowns out the sound of its call.

To judge from what has been written in praise of La dolce vita and from the extended runs it has enjoyed in most international moving-picture theaters, one would certainly be justified in expecting the best of this film. The proof of the film, however, is in the viewing, and in this instance, unfortunately, the viewing-experience turns out to be one of colossal let-down. The apologists for Fellini will immediately counter that it is precisely the boredom of a meaningless existence for modern man that the creator of La dolce vita has sought to express, but it is an un-

happy commentary on the film to have to note that if Fellini had sought in the concrete symbol of the film itself to demonstrate his thesis (a by no means incontestable truth!), he could have done so with no greater success than he has -- at least if success lies in the evocation of an effect and not in the logic of a compelling argument. At any rate, if boredom is what Fellini wanted to evoke, he has, in this viewer's opinion, succeeded on a grand scale. Perhaps it was the hard seat in a Bern cinema, perhaps it was the summer weather outside -- but whatever the reason, I can scarcely recollect ever having seen a much-heralded work with such utter disappointment. Not even the orgies (and the film might be viewed as an almost unbroken orgy) have the rather crude vigor which sometimes attends sensational films glorifying sensual excess for its own sake.

If it was Fellini's intent to prove that such experiences as those undergone by the hero (?) of La dolce vita are ultimately boring and unsatisfying, few will fail to agree with him. But is this essentially a true picture of the existence of most modern men? Is it not instead the picture of the existence of a weak individual which has scarcely any universal validity at all for the present day? In the deepest sense of the term, this film seems to me to be a "phoney", for it lays claim to profundity when in fact it lacks all real depth of insight into the basic predicaments of our time. Even Fellini's previous

films La Strada and La Notti di Cabiria were by no means above this reproach, though both of them were saved by the wonderful acting of Giulietta Masina and (in La Strada) of Anthony Quinn. The alleged depth of La dolce vita reveals itself as the pseudo-depth of the easy answer, one that equates profundity with a fundamentally shallow acceptance of meaningless, unrelieved pessimism. Characteristically enough, the vague and inconvincing "ray of hope" at the end of the film falls completely flat in its attempt to point the way to an answer to the assumed meaninglessness of existence. Perhaps this is the only virtue in an otherwise insubstantial work: there is a certain consistency in it. After all, how could anyone expect anything but a fraudulent end for a film which is throughout so excruciatingly pretentious and empty?

GARDNER

My first response was visceral: a heavy, stomach-sinking weight compounded of world-despair and, possibly, fear. Though I was constantly aware that my feelings were being "worked upon" by both art and artifice, I did not resent the manipulation; rather, I yielded to the cumulative blows of the relentless camera and pitiless soundtrack. And these, of course, are the tools of the movie-maker--sight and sound.

From the opening vision of the deus ex machina (this time from a helicopter) to the final vision of the monster that had slouched to Rome to die,

I was held as by Medusa. The popping of the flashbulbs; the taped nature-discord at Steiner's party; the juke-box wailings in the pavilion-restaurant; the sad, tinny orchestra in the old fashioned night-club; the choral gasping of the mob at the fake miracle; and the final ear-smashing crescendo of the waves which cancels vocal communication between Marcello and the young waitress and reduces her to gestures which, in the absence of words, seem obscene--these sounds brilliantly orchestrate and complement Fellini's visual effects.

At first, I was disturbed by the apparently haphazard episodic structure of the film and by the inconclusiveness of motivation for Steiner's suicide and child-murder. Upon re-examination, however, these all fall into place as part of Fellini's "improvisation" technique--art through seeming artlessness, form through seeming chaos, meaning through challenge to anticipated logic. Examples abound: Steiner switching, after being rebuked by the priest, from jazz (pure improvisation) on the church organ to the Toccata and Fugue (frozen improvisation); the marvelously aware children reveling in their subjugation of the adults by improvising appearances of the Virgin; the improvised dances and feather-baptism of the final orgy blending into the stylized classical striding and gesturing towards the dawn and the devilfish; the parlor-tricks with which Marcello's father amuses the chorus-girl; the improvised games and sex-play in the haunted castle merging into the

straggling morning procession and formalized into the matriarchical calling-forth of the son and grandsons to Mess;



Anita Ekberg (the Hollywood love-goddess to whom is offered a pizza) improvising her way through the Baths of Caracalla in a rock-and-roll saturnalia, through the night-emptied streets of Rome (while mothering a white kitten), and into a mock religious ceremony with Marcello under the Trevi fountain (which appropriately peters out). Steiner's suicide and destruction of his children, I assume, is the final improvisa-

tion left to a man saddened by the formal perfection of a life founded on intellectual sufficiency and "suspended animation."

If time and space allowed, I truly believe that I could account for not only the function of each scene and episode in Fellini's production but also the order in which each is presented. I was moved, shaken, and impressed. Fellini has dramatized the conclusion of Rilke's "Archaic Torso of Apollo":

"...for there is no place

That does not see you. You
must change your life."

FRAKES

AUSTRIAN

le peuple

I

a rotten stench arises
from a dull black hole
where dead men sit
staring at a flickering wall
immobilized by living death
beguiled by eternal life
packed too close to live
knowing not they know not
unable still to care
they scurry like corpulent insects
through always darkened lives
mocked by an indifferent deity
cursor before the start

II

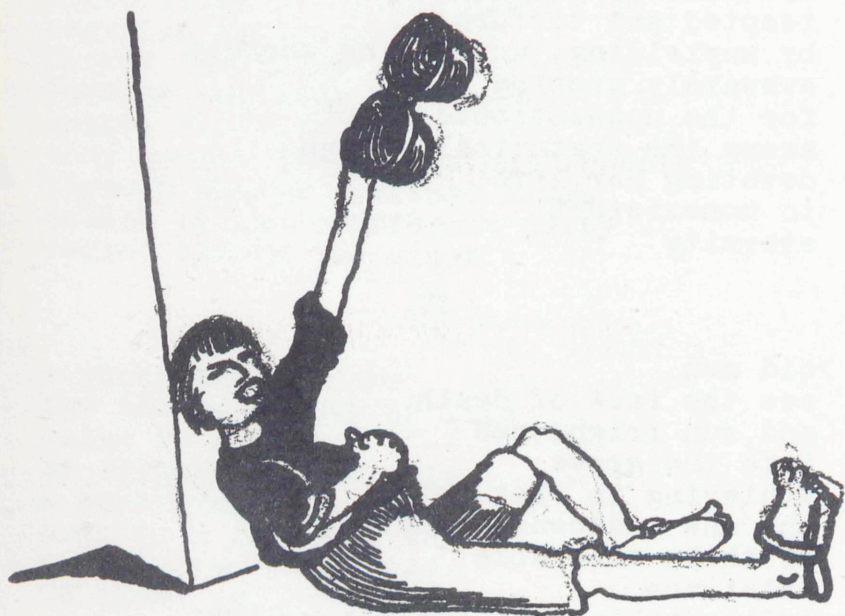
a young man wanders
the solitary path of life
alone in a crowd
of fragmented thoughts
a separate being
seeking a separate way
a n'er traversed road
to fame, to love, to god
too late, much too late
he knows
no road exists
no fame, no love, no god
a swarming mass of animals push
a wandering, aimless path
through an ever constant
void

III

a young girl loses
her innocence
on a pure white sheet
wondering, crying
and wondering again
tempted and tortured
by unyielding, unthinking society
awkwardly groping
for the unquestioned right
among the ecstatical wrongs
devoting her life
to nonexistent
eternity

IV

old men
see the face of death
and run frightened
into the grave
achieving in that act
the one independent move
of their miserable
existence
extinguishing but one black light
in a darkened world
still unknowing
seldom caring
feeling little
missed
not at all



ROYER

A Beatnik Of Canterbury
(Chaucer's Pilgrims Pass Through
Greenwich Village)

A prophet of despair we chanced to meet,
Who, preaching his beliefs upon the
street,

Proclaimed that we were mortals in
distress.

The man appeared most slovenly in dress;
His garments were begrimed with dust and
dirt;

A sandy, wrinkled desert was in his shirt.
Upon his forehead lay the twisted strands
Of tangled hair, untouched by barbers'
hands.

And neither shoes nor boots this creature
wore,

But sandals. He sat down upon the floor
And with his fingers beat upon his drum.
He prophesied disastrous things to come.
He mourned that Truth and Justice now had
died,

And cursed the world, because it had not
tried

To understand the problems he had faced,
The obstacles society had placed
Upon his path. His life had been

oppressed
By more adversity than all the rest.
At length his melancholy words of doom
Spread out like fog and blanketed the
room.

And when the musty odor that he bore
Disturbed us 'til we cared to stay no
more,

We went away and left him there to moan;
For each of us had troubles of his own.

GARDNER

A Translation-

It is not the truth which any man possesses, or thinks he possesses, which makes the worth of a human being, but rather the honest effort which he has expended in order to arrive at the truth. For it is not through possession, but through the investigation of truth that man's powers are broadened, and it is this broadening alone in which his ever-growing perfection lies. Possession makes complacent, indolent, proud----

If God in his right hand were to hold enclosed all truth, and in his left the single, ever-active impulse to truth -- even with the stipulation of eternal error and wandering -- and were to say to me: choose! I should sink down with humility at his left hand and say: Father, give me this! pure truth is for you alone.

from Lessing

Nicht die Wahrheit, in deren Besitz irgendein Mensch ist, oder zu sein vermeint, sondern die aufrichtige Muhe, die er angewandt hat, hinter die Wahrheit zu kommen, macht den Wert des Menschen. Denn nicht durch den Besitz, sondern durch die Nachforschung der Wahrheit erweitern sich seine Krafte, worin allein seine immer wachsende Vollkommenheit besteht. Der Besitz macht ruhig, trage, stolz ----

Wenn Gott in seiner Rechten alle Wahrheit, und in seiner Linken den einzigen immer regen Trieb nach Wahrheit, obschon mit dem Zusatze, mich immer und ewig zu irren, verschlossen hielte und sprache zu mir: wahle! Ich fiele ihm mit Demut in seine Linke und sagte: Vater gib! die reine Wahrheit ist ja doch nur fur dich allein!

Gotthold Ephraim Lessing:

Eine Duplik (1778)

YUSZCZUK

devachanee

it is the saint of the running beasts
through shivering evenings 'neath a
 callous
sun, perfunctory and cold,
steel-sinewed winds hung in nature
(not beautiful, but voiceless to the
sharp peaks),
a marathon of ennui and a tripod of
a man raking still leaves to a pyre;
it is the wheat cutter in torrid
 plains
of locust, or a bible reader spitting
docm from a one-legged chair,
in a vagabond morning the shore is a
sea-tossed waste, and it, a sand
writer for the waves,
catching the lapping, dream-hung foam.

death

has cast its nets;
aphorisms rise, after rain steam,
and fade determined,
callow souls, pale gray, gaze
 mawkishly,
their empty shells encased,
hopes decay as mushrooms in black
ambience where Africa-white Bedouins
 graze

KALISH

Let Us Not Be Thinkers, All

Sitting, head in hand,
Alone upon the sand....

Revived....

Revived again to sit alone -
and reflect upon one's drowning.

Even yet - what makes one swim;-
Drives one plunging, headlong
into the seething turmoil,
Eyes tightly shut and frightened,
into the surging sea...

To struggle, aimlessly - floundering
in the boiling surf;-
Flailing, helpless in the undertow,
When in safety one
could sit upon the shore,
Head in hand.....
And ponder----- And reflect upon
The Breaking Sea.

TOPEROFF

Green In Judgment

"Jase...is that you? Jase?"

"It's me."

"I'm in the kitchen Jase."

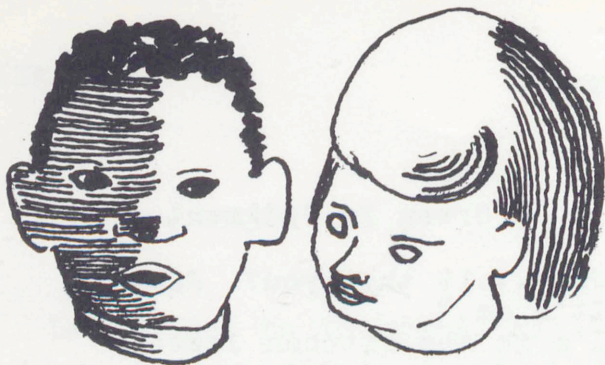
Jason Crawford had arrived at his two and one half room apartment in Forest Hills. His wife, the former Barbara Rodgers of Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania, was in the kitchen preparing supper. She was blonde, blue-eyed, tall, slim, intelligent, and pretty. Jason Crawford was a Negro, beige, brown-eyed, tall, slim, and intelligent. He had, four long months earlier, graduated from Yale. He had won the exorbitant Harold H. Elder Fellowship for architectural design, and, as a result, spent five years at the Yale fairyland. That is, he considered it a fairyland for a Negro. Prestige, stature, and general acceptance, and not really too much condescension. It was five years apart, and a world apart from his negro-ness. It all ended when he married Barbara Rodgers last year.

"Any luck today?"

"I left my layouts with Pruett and Shaftesbury. They said they'd look them over, but there's nothing really there. How'd it go with you?"

"Easy day. Friday's always easy. Except that Mr. Kitner made a pass at me in the elevator. Spaghetti and meat sauce'll be ready in a little while. You go and wash up."

"You know," Jase said, "I'm sure



they all know who I am by now. When they call to confirm an appointment I can't help feeling that they're just curious, and want to see me close up." He started nibbling at a piece of raw spaghetti that lay on the sideboard. "They talk about me when they all get together for drinks at that place where I'm sure they all get together for drinks."

"Jase, don't be silly."

"No. I really mean it Bea."

"Jase!" She touched his arm. "Go in and wash up." Again she pronounced "wash" as though it were "warsh". Jason always thought it cute.

Barbara stirred the spaghetti and thought about herself and Jase. Their future, their past...tonight. She remembered her father's rage, which gave way to reasoning. Her mother merely began drinking more.

"So he's an exceptional boy," her father had said. "Do you have any idea the sacrifices you'll have to make? And you won't always love him as intensely as you think you do now."

"Not think, father."

"I don't doubt he's exceptional, but the pressures, the pressures are unbelievable."

Her father's drawn face withdrew and was replaced by Jason's hazy face. It was as if it were for the first time. This scene of their first meeting came back quite often of late.

Barbara left the fraternity house to get a breath of air. It was so warm inside, and she had drunk more than usual. She was a bit wobbly on her feet and came upon Jase sitting on the back porch, his head propped against the wall, staring out over New Haven. He had on a sweat shirt, khakis, and moccasins. She remembered him vaguely as having been standing, holding a drink, beautifully dressed in the foyer of the house when she arrived three hours earlier. He must have changed his clothes. He had the most beautiful forehead she had ever seen.

"I wonder if you could please get me a drink of water."

"The kitchen is right inside.... there," he pointed.

"Ch."

"Whatsamatter?...date hawking someone else?" said Jase with a somewhat malevolent gleam in his eyes.

It was then that it occurred to her that the negro was a brother in the fraternity. He apparently had put in a courtesy appearance and obligingly disappeared. She thought him quite handsome, especially his flaring nostrils and his beautiful forehead. She did not pity him in the least, and Jason sensed this immediately.

"Will you listen to that hokey music," Barbara said. "All those strings. I'll bet the world ends in a crescendo of Mantovani strings. It sounds like a vat of Jergen's lotion." Why did she talk about music? Was it because he was a negro boy? These thoughts annoyed her until Jason smiled and concluded, "And Villa-Lobos got a three-line obit in Time."

"Do you really know Villa-Lobos? I thought he was all mine. When did you take him?"

Jason understood completely. "I heard 'The Little Train' when I was a senior in high school, and we made it then and there. Say what's your name?"

Jason came up behind her, and wrapped his arms about her waist and kissed her tenderly on the neck while she stirred the spaghetti.

"How about a flick tonight?" suggested Jason.

"Anything good?"

"An Ingmar Bergman picture."

"Let's stay home."

"I'd rather get out there with the rest."

"Oh Jason, we don't have to prove anything anymore. I love you, right now. The man, not the symbol...I love you."

It had been easy falling in love with Jason. She did not have tolerance to overcome. He was far and away the most compatible person she had ever met. He had excited her more than any man she ever hoped to meet. But the world interfered more than it should have. She expected it would be tough, but she hadn't imagined Jason's negroness

would take the direction that it did. He could never be merely Jason Crawford the man, nor did he really want to. If they looked at him as Jason Crawford the negro, then he was going to carry the flag of his race. She was becoming the wife of a symbol. Both of them knew it was happening, neither really wanted it...they loved each other so much more than any other lovers they knew...yet, their marriage was becoming a flag... don't tread on me.

"We'll listen to some music and make love, if you like." Jase meant it with all his heart. Please say yes, he thought.

"Where's the picture playing?"

"Right down at the corner. The Boulevard, I think."

"O.K. I'll clean up when we get back. Let's bring some ice cream back with us. Banana and Butter Pecan?"

Jason kissed Barbara Rodgers very passionately. "I love you, Blondie." He did.

Even though they had been married for a year, Barbara could not get used to the strange side-glances they got when they walked together. It was especially peculiar in this Jewish neighborhood. The original shock would give way to a proud tolerance, but the shock was never totally submerged. Barbara Rodgers and her negro husband went down the five flights arm-in-arm in the elevator. It was dark and crisp when they got out on the street. She had her hand in his, in his coat pocket. Jason rubbed, squeezed, and contorted it as they walked along the sidewalk. It was crisp cold. Barbara started humming the

Largo from the "New World Symphony". Jason started humming, and by the time they reached the end of the block of apartment houses, they were both humming quite loud, and half-stepping, half-springing to the fastest Largo imaginable. The light had just changed as Jason stepped off the curb. Barbara had stopped short, anticipating the change, and pulled him back. Both felt giddy. The car for which they halted their frolic was clutched, placed in first, and starting motion. Through the window, opened slightly for ventilation, on the driver's side, came the words, carried with amazing clarity on the crisp air, "Holy shit, the guy's a spook, Angie," uttered by the mouth of an eighteen year old, long greasy-haired Italian.

Jason immediately looked down at Barbara and gave her a big smile, kissed her forehead, and jerked her across the street. At the opposite curb, they started humming the Largo very slowly. They picked up the tempo until they were stumbling out of breath in the distance.

